

THE DWELLERS IN TENEMENTS.

The Problem of How They Shall Live
Antipathy Against the Country.

A tenement house in New York is defined by law as every house, building or portion thereof which is rented, leased, or hired out to be occupied, or is occupied as the home or residence of more than three families, living independently of one another and doing their cooking on the premises, or by more than two families upon a floor, or living and cooking, but having a common right in the halls, stairways and yards. There are many special laws relating to tenement houses in regard to fire escapes, ventilation, etc. Many efforts have been made to improve the construction of these buildings, but the density of the population, where they are in use, almost precludes the possibility of any reform in their sanitary condition. The peculiar shape of the island upon which New York city is built has contracted the population in the lower part, so that in one ward there are over 250,000 persons to the square mile, while in several others the population reaches nearly 300,000 to the square mile. The problem as to how these people shall live is a troublesome one. They themselves seem to have little concern about it and to have adopted the motto of Chatillon's friend as to how and when they shall eat and sleep, "Don't know, don't care."

All philanthropy has failed which has led in view the removal of the poor from the city, where there is little room and little work, to the country, where there is too much room past too much work. No one has attempted for many years to decide why so many the poor people cling with so much tenacity to their unsightly, uncomfortable houses, which cannot be called houses, and have such an unaccountable determination for green fields and unpaved streets.

It was thought that the elevated railroads, with their cheap fares and rapid travel, might relieve somewhat the necessity for herding, but there is so little desire among the immigrant population to get out of their present quarters that they will make no effort to help themselves.

As about one-half the population of the city lives in these houses volunteer efforts have been made by capitalists to improve their construction, and at the same time make a return of a fair percentage on the money invested. Many a so-called model tenement house has been erected, but not one has as yet proved a perfect success, although the best talent of the architectural profession has been enlisted to solve the problem.—New York Cor. Cleveland Leader.

THE DEAD IN THE MORGUE.

People Visit the Dismal Place Just to Satisfy Their Curiosity.

It was 7 o'clock a. m., and Joe Fogarty, the keeper of the Morgue, had just turned the key in the lock of his office door, when an elderly man and two women crossed the green extending between the Morgue and Bellevue hospital. The night previous the body of a well dressed young man had been brought to the Morgue. It was a case of suicide and the morning papers had long accounts of the young man's death, which, as well as his personality, were shrouded in mystery.

"Good morning, sir," said one of the women, who was young and prepossessing. "You have here, I believe, the body of a young man who killed himself last night in the — hotel!"

"Yes, madam; would you like to see him?" asked Joe.

"Yes; we came here for that purpose."

Joe led the way into the wooden shed called the dead house, and lifting the cover from an ordinary pine box exposed to view the body of the young man. The visitor looked at it in silence for a moment, and then the young woman said, in the same matter-of-fact tone in which she might have remarked upon the qualities of a picture:

"How beautiful he is! See?" pointing to a small red spot near the left temple, "that is where the bullet entered. Isn't it?" she asked, appealing to Joe.

"Yes," replied the latter; "you don't seem to recognize him?"

"Oh, no," he returned; "we did not expect to — curiosity was excited by the account in the morning papers. I was up early and I got up and down to come down and see the body. What a mysterious affair! And he so young, too. I wonder what made him do it? Do you suppose it was a love affair?"

The young woman continued to rattle on in a composed manner, while her parents silently inspected the body. They remained a quarter of an hour, and by that time they went away a number of other mortally-cured people had arrived. It was with difficulty that Joe got rid of them.

"Of all the pestiferous ranks in this world," said Joe to a reporter later in the day, "to deliver me from these curious people who like to see nothing so well as a corpse. In the many years I have been here I have never known of a single case that was published in the newspapers that did not bring a lot of these buzzards around. In cases where there was considerable publicity I have even known them to come here without their breakfasts."

"Last summer there was a case of a young woman who killed herself in a prominent hotel. Nobody knew who she was, and the papers could not learn who she was. We actually had to call in the police to drive the crowd away. They were all well dressed people, too, and looked respectable. Many of them, in fact, had the air of being wealthy. In the old days — when daughter the spouse was — fairly married, he with difficulty survived them. They seemed to have no sense of propriety, and plied him with all sorts of questions. It was a disgraceful scene, and we had to use force to allow the poor broken-hearted man to get away."—New York Mirror and Empire.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

I suppose that Mr. Bowser is like the majority of men in putting his best side before the public. The other morning when he left the house he knew that baby was sick, I had a headache and the cook was disturbed by cutting her hand on a piece of glass. I had told him that we were out of butter and coffee and potatoes, and he said he would stop and order them. Once on the car he forgot all about it, and at 11:30, meeting an old schoolmate, he insisted:

"Now, you come right up to dinner with me. I want you to see my house and my family and have a visit."

"But your wife won't be expecting company."

"Oh, you came right up to me. My wife and

my house are always ready for any visitors to bring home, and your presence won't cause us any sort of embarrassment."

At 11 o'clock I told Jane to pick up any sort of dinner for Mr. Bowser, and, at 12 M. Bowser and his friend entered the house, leaving him in the parlor, Mr. Bowser rested in on me with:

"Get into your Sunday clothes as soon as possible — dress the baby up — tell cook to have three kinds of meat — send for a nigger to wait on the table, and run through the room and pick up things."

"Mr. Bowser, have you been ill fit enough to bring someone home to dinner?"

"Of course I have. What is there wrong about that? I'd like to know?"

"Well, where are the groceries you were to order?"

"Groceries? — I forgot!"

"Jane can't use but one hand, while I should faint away if I tried to dress. You'll have to take him to a hotel."

"Never! When I invite a man to partake of my hospitality I'll never skulk him off to a hotel! It is a pretty state of affairs that my house is all upset in this manner at this time! Mrs. Bowser, you and I must have a reckoning! I'll be hanged if I put up with such conduct as this!"

And then he returned to the parlor and I heard him say:

"Will, old fellow, I find a note from my Birdie (that's me) stating that she has taken the little angel (that's our wall-eyed baby) over to her sister's for the day, and our little boy didn't expect me home and had no dinner ready. We'll have to go down to the restaurant."

"That's all right. You've got a beautiful home here."

"And the most little wife and the prettiest baby in all the world!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he snapped his leg.

COST NOTHING.

Story of a Man Who Ate Himself Sick Because Another Paid for It.

A curious looking old fellow, dressed in gray "homespun," was found lying in an alley. When questioned by some one he turned over with a groan and said:

"Go on away from here, now, and let me die."

"Why do you want to die?"

"Because I am a blamed fool."

"Come, get up; that's no excuse."

"Yes, it is. Go on away, I tell you, and let me die."

"Haven't you been drinking?"

"No, I hasn't touched a drop. Go on away and let me die, I tell you. A man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fit to live. It's dangerous for him to walk about."

"Come, tell me what you did."

"With an effort and another groan he valved up, leaned back against the wall and said:

"If I tell you will you go on away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll go yo whether or no. Early this mornin' I come into town an' met a felifer that I knowed. He asked me to go round an' take breakfast with him. I had due eat breakfast, but as I wasn't no expense to me I concluded that it wouldn't do to let the widuls go to waste, so I went with him. I sat a long handid shovel full uv butter cakes and drunk four cups uv coffee, argylin' all the time that it wasn't costin' me nothing."

"Aifer I got through I went knockin' 'roun', an' putty soon mes a felier that sat dinner with me while he was a candidate last summer. He said that it was gettin' putty well along in the day, but that if I'd go 'round home with him he'd skeep up some breakfast. I started to say no, but neeollectin' how he ate at my table, I went with him. On the way he got a lot uv these here great long sausages. Well, I stored away about two pounds uv them sausages, eat about my halfful of biscuits an' drunk three cups of coffee. By this time I was putty full filled up, but shortly afterwards one uv the boys that live out my way told me that he had found a saloon whar they put out a whole lot uv vidults an' let people eat all they wanted to, so as it didn't cost nothing, I went 'round. I los on a big dish uv sour potatoes an' raw cabbage, an' made myself at home. After I got through with that I went to dinner with a felier because I didn't eat me anything, an' eat putty heavy. Then I struck out an' eat a few apples that I slipped out uv a wagon an' then I eat a piece uv chesse that I found in a saloon, just because it didn't cost anything. About this time the Old Bay commenced to overtake me, an' I dodged in here an' dropped down, an' I hope I'll die before I git outen here, fur, as I said jes' now, a man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fit to live. When I think that I have eat meat to death jest because it didn't cost anything it makes me so miser I don't know what to do. Oh, how Ido suffer all over!"—Arkansas Traveler.

Voice of West Point Cadets.

There is a babel of voices, an odd intermingling of dialects; for every section of our broad Union is there represented, and no clique are unrepresented. South Carolina nobly holds with her old enemy, Massachusetts; crimson blood from Louisiana is warmed by coffee from the same sun that starts the sluggish veins of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen; soft voiced song of Georgia and Kentucky elide their "i's" and swap merry banter with a fellow whose drawl is whong pronouncing the "Piss" from Missouri; a swarthy Californian raps out some half Spanish, half savage expletive in excited controversy with his New England chum, whose added flight in the possibilities of blasphemy is "Gosh all hellicid!" and a youth whose clear thin eyes and the blonder hair and skin ungrateful paint him a Norwegian who hails from a Scandinavian district in Minnesota happens along at the moment, with the red snuff of the "officer of the day" over his shoulders, and the gentleman from the Golden Gate puts a bribe on his tongue forthwith.

The word of honor of the cadet is the most ultra of West Point ethics; there is no going behind or beyond it. It is the first lesson taught to the youngest on joining. It is preached in wordless sermons every day and hour of his four years' course. It is the last thing of his education he is apt to forget. Like other boys, he has his fun, his faults, his vices and his "scraps." He may violate every one of the few hundred regulations that have been evolved from year to year; he may "cut" classes, "row" it to the falls of other unshallow resort; he may even make a predatory incursion upon the orchards or vineyards below the Point; but even when he draws the line at one thing—he won't lie. When a cadet says he has or has not done this or that, you can endorse the statement.—Chas. King, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

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SEASON.

A PROTEST AGAINST NATIONAL OUT-RAGES UPON HERALDIC ART.

The Objections of a Venerable Designer.
His Reasons Why—The Bald-headed Eagle in His Absurd Poses—An Appropriate Device.

"J. Goldsborough Bruff," as he signs himself, has invited the attention of Congress to the "unprecedented irregularities" and "absurdities" of the heraldic devices adopted for seals and coins by the government.

Mr. Bruff explains that owing to a lack of knowledge this government made a false start. The art of heraldry was unknown in this country's infancy, he says, and standard works were unattainable. "In consequence thereof the now popular was unable to obtain a proper device for its nation," signed July 20, 1782, and the device then adopted of admirable symbolism, is a baseless fabric, not being blazoned upon an escutcheon or shield, and hence we have never had a national escutcheon of heraldic arms, unprecedented in the annals of heraldry. Being thus deprived of that basis, the requisite of all heraldic achievements, the government utilized a sub-chARGE of the arms proper, and as popularly denominated the national shield or escutcheon, which it is not ever can be."

Having no genuine escutcheon, no basis or standard to start with, this government has gradually collected an accumulation of designs while Mr. Bruff characterizes as "varying from indifferent and peculiar to absurd." He goes on to say:

"All nations of the civilized world save our own have stamped upon their gold and silver coins the true heraldic arms of their individual sovereignty, and with strict numismatic propriety exclude irrelevant, fanciful ideas. 'The American bald eagle' is displayed in every conceivable attitude and position, and degenerated to numerous species of the United States mint genius.

FREE AND EASY ART.

"The peculiar style of distributing the elements of the national arms over the faces of the coin, including mottoes and legends unregarded of significant propriety, is a remarkable art exhibition of too genius of our free institutions. Compare the dignified propriety represented in the devices upon some of the earlier coinage; Observe, classic text with legend 'Liberty,' and reverse, the national arms as adopted, which compare with the handsome female head filleted 'Liberty,' though crowned with grain, etc., as also to represent the goddess Ceres or Abundance, doubtless a multifold genius, as the motto overhead would estimate, 'E pluribus unum.' Upon close examination small cap is seen amid the redundant ringlets, apparently falling off. Reverse, a crucified eagle (severely) displayed, 'minus' the escutcheon on his breast, or the eagle volant (without its appropriate motto, 'Excelsior'). As though disgusted with his vicissitude and general bad treatment by the ruling powers he has discarded his 'shield of the Union,' clive branch and three arrows (typical we suppose of thirteen) and ascends to the starry regions of purity and truth. (The square, heavy perspective is good, but why extend his legs, as stocks and herons do?)

THE MAD EAGLE.

"In another issue an enraged eagle has discovered the discarded 'American shield' prostrate in the weeds, and having picked up the arrows and branch pounces upon the defaced escutcheon, defiantly warning off the despisers. Mottoes become legends, and legends mottoes. The Goddess of Liberty, duly labeled, rests herself upon a rock, with staff and cap and escutcheon, but looks back apprehensive of some mishap. This is another phase of the ever varying obverse. Reverse of which may be one variety (there are several of them) of the lame eagle: dexter wing horizontally extended, and sinister, or left, nearly closed and vertical, and the usual distribution of stars, motto, etc. The latest absurdity, so eminently unnatural, not in keeping with the times, un-authorized by enactment, is the Gothic legend between the wings of the crucified eagle of 'In God we trust.'

"Our patriotic fathers, in their trust is God and kept their powder dry. Oliver Cromwell had engraved upon some bronze guns, 'Touch us to shower forth thy praise, O, Lord.' Too lengthy for our coin, but so applied more benevolent in diffusion of wealth. The most appropriately consistent device for establishment of the coin of our country would be—obvise: A bust of the laureated head of the Father of His Country, with motto of Liberty, Reverse: The precise heraldic arms of the United States of America, and no other stellar ornament than the constellation crest, and no other legend than the title, value and date, and motto of arms. Such would be creditable to our nationality, and place us among the most favored nations of Christendom."—Globe Democrat.

A Smoking Car Incident.

A little man with gray eyes rushed into the smoking room of a Pullman car of the Chicago and Atlantic road the other day and, taking a safety match from the safe on the wall, began scratching the percussion end on the woodwork. Two bald headed men who were sitting in the compartment smiled serenely as they watched too little fellow's vain efforts to strike a light.

"You can't light one of those matches unless you strike the emery paper on the side of the safe," said one of the spectators, becoming annoyed at the rasping noise.

The "greasy" smiled complacently and said he guessed he could. Another match was rubbed along the panels of the room, then across the sole of a big right foot, and finally broken in a diagonal sweep over a pantaloons leg.

"You can't do it, I tell you," repeated the same spectator, shifting his position.

"Besides so I can," replied the little man. "Put you will light it in your sleeve."

"No, sir. Do you want to cover that bet?"

"Certainly."

"And does your friend want another \$5 of it?"

"Of course," said the other spectator, speaking for himself.

Four \$5 bills were piled upon one another in one's order, and then the little man took a match from the safe, walked up to the door and rubbed the percussive head along the ground, faint glow. The little stick burst into flame and burned rapidly as the little man picked up the four bills and walked out upon the platform to enjoy the crisp air. After he had gone the bald headed man spoke to one another in a strange tongue.—Chicago Herald.

BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.

A Desperate and Gallant Charge Made by Gen. Frank Blair's Brigade.

A charge made by Gen. Frank Blair on Monday, the last and bloodiest day of the battle, was one of the most desperate and gallant feats recorded in history. Separating him from the steep bluffs occupied by the enemy was a cottonwood grove, which had been felled by the Confederates, and which was an entanglement through which an unarmed, unencumbered man could pass with only the greatest difficulty. On the side of the cottonwood maze, next to the enemy's position, was a deep bayou, whose opposite bank was some ten feet in height. On this bank was a series of abatis, whose pointed limbs barred the approach of a hostile force. Just beyond the abatis was the first line of rifle pits. Gen. Blair, with four regiments, was assigned to carry the position in front of the line. He must make his way through the dense fallen cottonwoods, he must then descend into, cross the deep and muddy bayou, climb its steep bank beyond and then break through the deep abatis that crowned its top, where he would find himself on a level, uncovered space swept by rifle pits, scores of guns and other lines of defense which covered the foot of the sloping bluff beyond.

One would fancy that the feat of charging across this space, every inch of which was swept by riflemen and artillery, would be an utter impossibility. McIntosh and in full form, the gallant Missourian led the charge. How he ever forced his way through the fallen timber, descended into and climbed out of the bayou, gained a passage through the abatis, and all the time covered with a tempest of shell and bullet, and escaped annihilation cannot be told. But he did it all, and accompanied by a single regiment, mounted, he rode into the last line of rifle pits. His regiment charged on, and secured lodgment in the first line of works, and held them for a time, but, being unsupported, they had to return to their original position.

Blair was a most interesting man in every respect. Tall, well formed, with a "wandy" complexion, light gray eyes, heavy mustache, clean shaved face, and a fine forehead covered with mass of reddish hair, distinctive in style and bearing, he was handsome and commanding. He was slow and deliberate in speech, like one accustomed to addressing large audiences; he was vivacious, doing everything well, from leading a charge to uncorking a bottle, and in all instances characterized by a calm, dispassionate manner and a manner full of dignity. He never seemed to have the slightest knowledge of the composition of fear—if he did, he concealed the fact so completely that on no occasion was his existence discovered. In conversation he was a polite, attentive listener, and an engaging, unassuming talker. Beneath all his outward calmness he had a tremendous force, a fact which was demonstrated by the momentum with which he threw his columns against the bristling, deadly heights of Chickasaw bayou.

Taking Up the Thread.

A story is told of a man of a very silent disposition who, driving in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs?

The man replied, "Yes, sir."

Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when, driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir."

That's, however, as an instance of long intermission of discourse, sinks into insignificance beside an anecdote of a minister of Campsie, near Glasgow. It is related that the worthy pastor, one Archibald Denison was deprived of his ministerial office in 1655, and not replaced till after the restoration. He had, before leaving his charge, begun a discourse, and finished the first head. At his return in 1659 he took up a second division of his interrupted sermon, calmly introducing it with the remark that "the times were altered, but the doctrines of the gospel were always the same."—Chicago Herald.

A Famous Lithographer's Beginning.

I quite often encounter in the street the father of the American Christmas card. Mr. Louis Prang divides his time pretty equally between Boston and New York. He is a bold and energetic elderly gentleman, whose kindly brain is constantly conceiving new ideas full of credit and profit to their originator. In 1850 he was a small lithographer in Boston. He had an establishment that did not earn a living for him. He had no capital but his intelligence, and that made his fortune.

When the war broke out he published a map of the opening of the campaign, and it sold as fast as he could print it. He made a great deal of money on war maps, and got into chromo lithography at his means improved. When dull times came instead of discharging his artists and printers he set them to work on novelties for which he made a market. The first chromos of any value published in America came from his press. They reproduced pictures by famous artists. He risked thousands in these ventures, and though he suffered heavy losses his gains were proportionately great. He grew with the time. He improved lithography in every direction, and he is to-day the master in that of the whole world.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Too Candid by Halt.

As John and his wife, were discussing one day of their several faults in a bantering way,

Said she, "Though my wit you disparage,

'tis sure, my dear husband, our friends will attest this much, at the least, that my judgment is best."

Quoth John, "So they said at our marriage."

—John G. Saxe.

Undressed Kid.

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PERSIA'S RAGGED REGIMENTS

Shabby Soldiers of the Shah—Thieving Officers and Their Plunder.
The Persian soldier, even on state occasions, presents generally a rather ludicrous appearance. His uniform is of cotton cloth and mostly of a deep blue color. It is made of what we call shirting, and when new is very suitable clothing in a warm country. But soon the military buttons begin to disappear and are replaced by substitutes of all sorts, shapes, colors and sizes. The hair disappears from the warrior's sheepskin shako, which quickly grows shaggy on account of his habitually using it as a pillow. Moreover, the foot coverings of no two men in the regiment are alike, and the whole crew presents a melancholy appearance.

But yet the Persian soldier does the best he can. Previous to a review or festival parade he may be seen carefully preparing a plume of white feathers, procured from the most domestic fowl, and binding them to a piece of stick. When this martial plume has attained the size of a lamp brush he triumphantly affixes it to his shako. On the occasion of official illuminations composite candles are served out by the local governor at the rate of one to each man. The colonel has, of course, a greater number of men on his list than ever make an appearance; he keeps the difference. The other officers appropriate half the remaining candles. The non-commissioned officers eat (i.e. steal) a certain proportion, and at length one candle is served out to every five men. This is divided into five portions, a new wick is inserted, and when the regiment is paraded, at a given signal a box of matches is passed round, and the regiment triumphantly presents arm with a lighted candle in each man's maceket as per general order.

The pay of the Persian soldier is nominally seven tomans (\$2.156) per annum and rations. He is lucky if he gets half his pay, which does not reach him till it has passed through the hands of many persons, his superiors. But his rations of three and a half pounds of bread a day are quite another matter. If his rations are tampered with the soldier mutinies at once, and there is no atrocity of which the Persian soldier rioted of his rations is incapable.—*St. James Gazette.*

An Astonished Indian.

"They tell me a story about Geronimo," said a man from Arizona at the Palmer house yesterday. "While the Apaches were raiding the ranches in the foothills of New Mexico they captured a white man who had false teeth, a glass eye and a cork leg. The unfortunate fellow was dragged down the hills where the Indians were encamped and strapped to a tree to die. Just before dusk Geronimo happened to pass the prisoner, who had succeeded in releasing one of his arms from the leather strap which bound him to the tree."

"Ugh!" grunted the big Apache chief, punching the white man with the muzzle of his Winchester.

The prisoner thrust his fingers into his mouth, removed his teeth and shook them in the face of the Apache. This done, he replaced the plates as quickly as he had removed them, and, plucking out his glass eye, began polishing it on his knee. Geronimo had seen a good many things in his life, but the sight of a man removing his teeth and eyes at will was enough to make the savage's hair stand on end. Without waiting to strip the prisoner of his clothes, as was their custom, the Apache released the nervous fellow, and putting him astride a horse, fairly begged him to leave the camp. The settler needed no second

he rode a few yards out into the opening, when, to the horror of the savages, who had been watching his flight, he pulled off his cork leg and waved it above his head. It is said, on good authority, that this is the first instance on record where the superstition of an Apache got the better of his knife.—*Chicago Tribune.*

His Salary Didn't Go Up.

"I had been working for three years for one of our old time wholesale houses," said a Deutscher who was calling up reminiscences, "and I finally concluded that I ought to have a raise of salary. I began on \$4 per week and was raised to \$6, but there it had stuck for two years. The head man of the firm was a cold, stiff, austere man, who suddenly recognized my improved and was known to be highly honored. I waited a full year before going to approach him on the subject of review to my heart, but one day I slid into the private office when I knew he was alone."

"Well, sir," he says, "it's short as pie crust."

"I came to you—"

"I came to what, sir?"

"I came to ask you if you—you—you didn't think—"

"Yes, yes, William," he said as he wheeled around on me, "if my daughter loves you, and you love her, I've no objection to your marriage. Fix it up between you and don't bother me again."

"The old reynard! He had a daughter but I had never spoken to her in my life, and he knew it. He answered me the way he did to stop me from asking for a raise of salary. It was a year and a half after that before I was lifted to \$6 per week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Possible Causes of Discontent.

It is the little kindness—it is the little cruelty—that makes and mars all the human relations. It is the personal interest—it is the personal neglect—out of which the universal order of disorder grows. Who knows how far the public discontent has been fed by that \$10,000 sum with which you drove past houses from whose windows invalids too poor to buy the air of heaven watched you daily? How far will it be affected by the cost of his bullet, as reported by the Monday reporter, of which the starving wives of dead men fishermen still read in the local paper on Saturday night? How far by the washerwoman whom I forgot to pay? Or the shop girl to whom you refused the chance to sit down from dawn to dark? Or the seamstress whom we underpaid? Or the sick clerk to whom we gave no vacation? Or the tramp to whom we were surly? Or the old fellow selling tissue paper flowers on whom we cast a look of disgust or contempt?

Nowhere the hurrying life has driven too fast around a corner. Somewhere somebody's rights or sensibilities have been taken over. Nowhere—somewhere there has some "the little joys."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *Courier-Journal*.

THE FRANCS TIREURS.

The Corps of "Free Shooters" Which Gloried in Their Irregularity.

Between Lao, and Rethme I passed through Châlon and Epernay, at which places I saw, for the first time, the Francs Tireurs, or free shooters, a corps to which I must devote a few lines by way of description. The corps was, in the most comprehensible possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in everything they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they had were soldiers, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently souls above obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest.

When at Epernay I witnessed a skirmish between a battalion of regular infantry and a small party of German Uhlan, who were evidently feeling their way and trying to find out what was the strength of the French troops there. The officer commanding the French outpost behaved with great judgment, trying by retiring his men to draw on the Uhlan and find out their numbers. He had almost succeeded in enticing the one man to advance, and had managed to hide the strength of his detachment, when all at once a body of Francs Tireurs came up, and without waiting, or even asking for orders, they began at once to chase away at the Germans, causing the latter to retreat. The officer commanding was very angry, and sent orders to the irregulars that they were to cease firing forthwith; but they took no notice of what was said, many of them declaring in a loud voice that the regulars were playing the game of the enemy, and did not want any of the latter to be defeated or killed. When an attempt was made to find out who was in command of the Francs Tireurs no such person could be found, and on an order being given that the commanding officer would cause an official inquiry to be made into the conduct of the irregulars the whole corps, not less than 500 strong, vanished and disappeared, so that they could no more be found—All the Year Round.

Charles Sumner's Study.

Charles Sumner's study, in the second story of his residence at the corner of H and Fifteenth streets, was a paradise in the estimation of bibliophiles or persons of a fine art education. To one fortunate enough to gain an entrance it appeared a most impossible to bring order out of the great chaos of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, newspapers and waste baskets prevailing in the room. The walls were hung with very choice engravings and photographs, of which Mr. Sumner was an ardent admirer, having in his possession one of the most extensive and valuable collections in the country. The situation of the study was very cheerful, and the furniture was rich without being gaudy. Here and there portions of lounge could be detected amidst the mass of books and papers, while occasionally a moderately clear view in perspective could be obtained of a full length

If asked to "take a seat" a visitor would find it no easy matter to comply, and if he attempted to sit down without an invitation he would be wonderfully surprised with the sudden growth of the furniture. It would require numerous experiments for one to learn through how many inches of official letters he would have to plunge in order to reach the instant or paper center. Here one could find a simile to the "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier" which could call to mind authorities on civil, ecclesiastical, military, naval and social matters, and have them repeat again the truths with which his speeches were fortified and sharpened.—*Bosque Pindar.*

Black & White

POSSIBILITIES OF MISHAPS.

What McClellan Said of Grant's Good Luck—Porter in a Balloon.

The possibilities of what might have been have at all times been an interesting speculation to historical writers. It has been gravely written that the nod of a peasant's head changed the destiny of the world on the field of Waterloo by compelling from Napoleon the impulsive condition of a sunken road. Gen. McClellan, in his recently published memoirs, has contributed to history some interesting studies of this character. When McClellan came into prominence early in the war, Grant sought him in Cincinnati to ask him as an old army acquaintance to give him employment. The general says he would have done something for him, but he was away, and before his return Grant had been made colonel of an Illinois regiment. "This was his good luck," says McClellan, "for had I been there I would no doubt have given him a place on my staff, and he would probably have remained with me and shared my fate."

From all which it appears that the apparently trifling fact of an Ohio general missing a train in the early days of 1861 might have placed the most conspicuous figure of the civil war in a position where he would never have been known. A skeptical mind might, however, suggest that from the point of view of 1861 the small fact that the Ohio general did not miss the train kept Grant out of a position from which he might have succeeded to the command of the army of the Potomac without the tedious process of burying himself in a host of Illinois colonels, going through a series of western venturers and mishaps, and only reaching the east after a dozen others and been tried and disposed.

McClellan relates another misadventure, leaving the probabilities of the event to be imagined, that happened to Fitz John Porter. In 1862 Gen. Porter went up in an anchored balloon to observe the enemy. The balloon broke away from its moorings and sailed off over the enemy's lines. McClellan heard of it, and says he was in a terrible scare and sent an order to all the pickets to try to save the balloon-wrecked general. He writes in a letter printed in his memoirs: "Just the order had no sooner gone than in walked Mr. Fitz, just as cool as usual. He had luckily come down near my own camp, after actually passing over that of the enemy." A different current of air might have greatly changed the current of events to the advantage of Fitz John Porter. If he had come down in the enemy's camp he might have been detained as a prisoner of war long enough to prevent the occurrence that overwhelmed his prospects, and his reputation being thus impaired, he might have come to be the great figure of the war.—*Courier-Journal*.

New house Furnishings

Roman stripe curtaining. Printed plush curtaining. Chenille curtains. Guipure lace curtains

Tapestry and Brussels Carpets. Piano and Table covers. Also new

DRESS GOODS

Our 15 cent Milton and our 25 cent all wool dress goods are worth twice their price. New plush trimmings. Childrens knit jackets, caps, infantines and bootees.

Extra value in Ladies Hand Made Woolen Underwear

Gentlemen's fine wool underwear

Fur Coats, S. S. Seal, Otter and Persian Lamb Caps, Fur Gauntlets, Gloves, etc.

Our SECOND importation of TEA

Has arrived. Black, Green and Japan better than ever. Cross & Blackwell Jams in 7 lb. tins.

New evaporated fruits, this years picking. Hams, B Bacon and Roll Bacon.

150 tubs fresh Manitoba Butter. 50 bbls fresh Manitoba eggs

I. G. BAKER & COMPANY

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS WITH

ROGERS

AND HAVE YOUR

Stove & pipes!

CLEANED AND PUT UP

TINTWARE

OF ALL KINDS. LOW QUOTATIONS ON

Tin Roofing and Eave Troughing

GO TO THE CANNERY

Planing Mills

Rankin & Allan

SASH
DOORS
BLINDS
MOLDINGS
SCROLL WORKS
TURNED WORK, Etc.
PLAINING
MATCHING
RE-SAWING DONE AT SHORTEST NOTICE

W.H. CUSHING

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Wholesale and Retail

Dealer in

FLOUR, MEAT,
PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLE
Stephen Avera

—Are showing a magnificent stock of—
Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Linoleums,
House Furnishings,

—And a large range of—

Curtain poles,
Blinds and
Window draperies.

Bright, new goods in every department,

The Calgary Herald

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

OF LOCAL INTEREST

LADIES and gentlemen's over-shoes all makes at Rankin & Allan's.

UNPAINTED Xmas cards at Ross' Photographic, Stephen Avenue.

WAHM underwear in ladies and gentlemen at Rankin & Allan's.

THE only Restaurant stock of furs in town, is at Rankin & Allan's.

HULL, TRONC & CO., will receive in a few days a carload of choice Ontario pointers.

ALL parties getting there, from Ross, Stephen ave., will receive a splendid photo Xmas card free.

1000 Ross, Stephen avenue, for your Xmas photo-pics. He makes the best photos in the Northwest.

REMOVED.—Ross, the photographer has removed to Stephen Avenue, directly opposite Rogers Hardware store.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—A large assortment of goods suitable for presents, at Rankin & Allan's.

XMAS.—We have a lot of very nice plush goods on the way which we expect to arrive in a day or two. At Rankin & Allan's.

THE EXCURSIONS.

The would-be excursionists who were disappointed the other night have had their sorrow dispelled by the announcement that they can go to-night on the regular train at excursion rates. This arrangement is all that could be expected of the C.P.R. and probably when the disappointed ones think of the inconvenience they would have suffered if allowed to go after a Winnipeg on Monday night they will conclude that the C.P.R. acted wisely in the first instance, and generously in the second by making the tickets good on any train. There will doubtless be a large crowd to-night.

BIRTH.

ARNETT.—At Calgary, on Dec. 4, the wife of Wm. Arnett of a daughter, PEARCE.—At Calgary, on Tuesday, Dec. 8th, the wife of Wm. Pearce, Supt. of mines, of a son.

From Thursday's Daily.

COL. HOLLOTT, R. H. A., and Capt. Hinchliffe, G. N., of England, are among the visitors in town to-day.

GENERAL McCODDIE has given a certificate to George Smith for \$1,250 for bridging the Eric Trail. The work was well done.

At their meeting last night it was decided by the licensees to have their annual ball on the 20th inst. It promises to be the event of the season.

The probability of putting \$2,000 more insurance on the fire hall was discussed by the council last night but no decision arrived at. There is \$3,000 on the building now.

The council held a meeting last night and disposed of considerable business. The reading of the minutes of the annual special meetings held recently was quite a task.

The man Freeman who was sent to the Winnipegan hospital has left there for England, and the hospital authorities have drawn on the town council for \$110 expenses. It will be paid.

At the Royal, J. W. McArthur, C. Smart, Bruce, etc.; A. Somerton, John Quirk, D. H. MacPherson, High River; Col. Hobart, R. H. C. Hart, Rankin, R. N., England; W. H. Thomas, Toronto; D. A. McNaught, Edmonton.

A letter from the Lieut. Governor was read at the council meeting last night acknowledging receipt of their recommendation of a grant for the west end bridge. His Honor desires to know too much the loss will give and the rate was instructed to forward a copy of the resolution passed by the council a few weeks ago recommending next year's council to grant \$1,500.

The following accounts were presented to the council last night: E. McCloskie, \$28; W. T. Ramsay, \$7.50; O. Gouletman, \$89.60; C. Sparke, \$212.60. Gouletman's account was passed and the others referred. Mr. Kinnaird also went in accounts for \$50, paid Gouletman and McCarthy for examining documents, and \$300 for telegram expenses. This was referred. An estimate in favor of Major Walker for \$750 was passed, also \$50 to W. H. Hagg and \$69.40 to F. G. Gandy for services to fire department. The official pay sheet was referred.

At the council meeting last night Col. Shattock made what a motion present here to "recommend to the Legislature to introduce a bill to extend the fire limits (water) to include the two blocks west of South street." What Mr. Shattock means by such action was well publicly known. He said the property holders in the neighborhood would be asked to put the water in at the expense of the town. Perhaps he intended subsequently to take in the S. W. Land Co.'s interests so to protect the blocks west of South street and so on. He would, however, for the express benefit of actually squelched his proposal Mr. Duncan, a resident in the blocks, refused to be taken in, spoke strongly and eloquently against it.

From Friday's Daily.

AT the Royal: H. B. Alexander, Mosquito rock; Sam Leighton, W. Skrine, High river; W. T. Ramsay, H. A. Church, Fire rock; F. G. Sparke, Winnipeg; J. S. Ward, architect; E. B. Coltrane, Gouletman; W. Best, Marland; Ed. Cowan, Goulet.

THERE was a highly interesting canvas in Mr. Collins' store last night to decide the mayoralty question. As a result Mr. Sheldon is Mayor-elect—in his mind. Of the prospective and other candidates were present and a ballot was taken to decide who should be the man. Mr. Sheldon headed the list with 18; D. W. Marsh got 14; Geo. Murdoch 5 and Mayor King 1, a second ballot made Sheldon 20 and Marsh 16. The result is the cause of a good deal of speculation in town and a few more shuffles are expected before nomination day.

From Friday's Daily.

The council passed accounts and directed orders to be paid last night for about \$22,000. There are many happy men in town today and business should boom.

At the Royal: P. Gouletman, W. H. Ross, W. Percy, Edmonton; Miss Laurie, Battleford; W. de Bellardier, Edmonton; B. B. Begg, Dawson; F. C. Cornish, Survey Reserve; G. Estab, High River; D. M. Blackwood, Winnipeg.

The Toronto News Company has just published a large photo engraving of Harris' picture, the Fathers of Confederation, which adorns the parliament building at Ottawa. It is a group portrait of the statesmen who framed the British North America Act, showing them as they appeared at the time. The engraving is a very excellent piece of work, and credit is due the News for its enterprise in putting within the reach of all a picture of such historic value.

GLEICHEN.

The Entertainment in St. Andrew's Church.

The first anniversary of the opening of St. Andrew's church was celebrated on St. Andrew's day. Proceedings commenced with a special service in the church at half-past four. The prayers were read by the Minister in charge, Rev. H. W. G. Stocken. At six o'clock about forty sat down to a substantial tea in the N. W. M. P. barracks. At half past seven the missionary in charge took the chair and in a few remarks stated that a year ago the church was opened with a debt of three hundred dollars but now that had not only been cleared up but a new organ had been placed in the church and the church had been painted as well.

The following program was then successfully carried out, Mrs. Stocken presiding at the organ.

PART I.

Anteum—I will lift up mine eyes, Choir Solo—The Better Land, Miss Timis Solo—He giveth His beloved sleep.

Mrs. Bickersteth.

Violin Solo—Sonata, Miss Timis.

Solo—Rest in the Lord, Mrs. Stocken.

PART II.

Glee—The three masters, Messrs. Fatt, Mrs. Bickersteth and Rev. H. W. G. Stocken.

Reading—Handy Andy, Rev. Stocken.

Song—The old brigade, Mr. Fatt.

Song—The village blacksmith, Rev. Stocken.

Quartette—Oh, bush thee my baby, Mrs. Stocken, Miss Timis, Messrs. Bickersteth and Stocken.

Song—The anchor is weighed, Const. Graham.

Song—I fear no foe, Mr. Bickersteth.

Song—Maid of the mill, Mr. Fatt.

Song—Empty is the cradle baby's gone, Const. Graham.

Reading—Handy Andy, Rev. Stocken.

Song—Bay of Biscay, Mr. Moore.

Voice solo—Miss Timis.

Song—O, fair dove, O, fond dove, Mr. Bickersteth.

The Rev. J. W. Timis then thanked the two committees who had worked so hard to make the anniversary a success. Mr. Bickersteth proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies who provided the cakes &c. which was seconded by Mr. Denison. Rev. Stocken proposed a vote of thanks to the non-commissioned officers and men of the S. W. M. F. who lent the rooms and exerted themselves to make everything pleasant for the evening, seconded by Mr. Moore, and Rev. Timis having been sung the Rev. J. W. Timis pronounced the benediction and the company dispersed highly delighted with the evening's proceedings.

BENEATH CONTEMPT.

To the Editor of THE HERALD:

SIR.—After such strong professions of disinterestedness, independence, and, above all, indifference to the claims of either waterworks company made by the Tribune, it seems a little peculiar that it should be found publishing such totally vindictive paragraphs as appeared last night in regard to the Laramie company. When I heard Mr. Baillie proclaim at the public meeting the other night that his newspaper was oppressing the Laramie, especially in the interests of the people, I was justified in deducing that the Tribune was entitled to a certain amount of credit and sympathy for exposing itself to so much abuse as it deserves, but its subsequent statements make me feel that it is a thoroughly contemptible sheet—a scoundrel paper which will disgrace the entire town. I do not say that my mind about the Laramie being "seen" by the managers of the larger McMillan-Bramall company, capital stock \$2,000,000, is beyond the shadow of a doubt, but the Tribune, I think, will agree with me that the Laramie are the aggressors in this case.

Calgary, Dec. 2nd, 1887.

LESTERSON.

POLICY.

Contributed

The question why the Canadian North West does not settle and meet the expectations of the Government and Canadians at large is easily answered. When this great expanse of fertile country was opened up for settlement—the most fertile and wealthy on the North American Continent both in agriculture and mineral resources—it came like a healthy, vigorous man possessing power and endurance that no pen can attempt to describe, but it came in hand-cuffs—shackled—chained—and rendered powerless—by a policy. What were the clauses of this farce—called policy? Canadian railway monopoly, mail beat limit, arbitrary military law, the martial law prohibition law that was intended to protect vagabond Indians and destroy intelligent white enterprise, a mining law that no civilized, intelligent white man would attempt to prospect or develop under, and a land regulation that is a scandal when your readers will dissect it.

These are the causes of disappointment to the readers of your valuable paper and to the Montreal Journal of Commerce of Nov. 18th. Now, the government propose a change of policy. That change is to send farmers to Europe on picnics to chit-chat with their old friends and others with an idea that this will do better than magazine and newspaper articles. Well, sir, this policy will have about the same result as if you were to stick your finger into water, pull the finger out and look for the hole.

The policy that is required and the only one that will work in for our next session of parliament to remove these miserable restrictions. I am glad to say that some of the n. have been removed, but the root of the whole evil remains, viz: The Canadian Pacific railway monopoly. Let our government buy that off at once so that our emigrant agents can truthfully say, "The Northwest of Canada enjoys exactly as much or more liberty than any other new country under the sun." In order to settle this Northwest Territory it must have the same or more liberal laws than the United States give their Territories immediately south of the imaginary boundary line which divides us it were prosperity from stagnation.

I will venture to say that before these restrictions are removed one short year the Canadian Northwest will advance so rapidly that even the United States will envy our progress with amazement. Hundreds of people have left this country on account of these farcical policies and the newly arrived emigrant is very truthfully told by American agents "you had better go to Dakota, Montana or some part of the U. S., as you will not be hampered with any other policy than do your best and you will find success attend your efforts." He will also tell the emigrant that the Western United States is a better farming country than Canada, which is a falsehood, but that little lie is readily overlooked when the farmer has tried the Canadian N. W. with its policies.

Let our government say to the financial and prospecting world—we have changed our policy in regard to our Northwestern territories—we have given them all the liberties the United States have.

Say to capitalists, we have removed the C.P.R. monopoly clause you are now at liberty to build all the railways that you can find capital to pay for and run them in any direction.

Say to the miner, go to Alberta and prospect. Gold silver and all metals are there in abundance and our mining law has been changed for your benefit and is now as liberal if not more so than that south of the boundary. What you find is yours. We have removed all royalty and other objectionable features.

This country will produce grains of all kind and instead of smuggling whiskey and beer into the Northwest at ruinous prices, we should be shipping it out. I am sure Calgary whiskey or beer would do as well in Ottawa as Walter's. South of the boundary line they want our coal. We have all kinds and of superior quality and instead of charging whiskey and beer into the Northwest at ruinous prices, we should be shipping it out. I am sure Calgary whiskey or beer would do as well in Ottawa as Walter's. South of the boundary line they want our coal. We have all kinds and of superior quality and instead of charging whiskey and beer into the Northwest at ruinous prices, we should be shipping it out. I am sure Calgary whiskey or beer would do as well in Ottawa as Walter's.

The changes of policy that is required is contained in one sweet word—Liberty.

Let us enjoy that for the same time that we have been locked to monopoly and the Northwest will meet and surpass any picture that Canadians ever had flaunted at them by policy. The Northwest of Canada is an Eldorado—and cursed be he who disputes that fact.

C. C. M.

THE COUNCIL.

The council is in session this afternoon settling up the claims against the town. A long list of accounts were submitted and the council adjourned and set in committee to consider the accounts. They will meet next as a council and pass them through the final stage. The accounts presented are as follows, besides which the commissioners' awards and outstanding claims have been put in:

E. McCloskie	\$ 21.00
E. McCloskie	75.75
Martin Bros.	88.61
Joe Wilson	7.00
Augustus Brown	15.00
J. T. Jarrett	3.00
J. Walsh	20.25
E. Dick	47.30
Varley & McDonald	29.00
Geissman	22.25
J. G. McNaught	12.45
H. Johnson	9.65
A. Allan	15.50
W. T. Ramsay	7.00
G. C. King	9.80
W. Jarrett	43.00

Dr. Clark's Camphorilla cures all kinds of blood diseases from a common plague to the worst case of Scrofula. Clinax Kidney Cure a positive cure for all Kidney disease.

BOARD WANTED.

BOARD and room in private family by a young man. Address, "H. H. Herald Office, Calgary, Dec. 7."

BOW RIVER LODGE.

A. P. & A. Y. No. 28, G. B. M.

An emergent meeting of the brethren will be held at the lodge room on Thursday afternoon at 1 p.m. to attend the funeral of our late Brother Major M. TARRIS, Secy.

G. C. Marsh. Jas. D. Gordon.

CALGARY

REAL - ESTATE Mart.

MARSH & GEDDES

Commission & Real Estate Agents

Accountants & Customs Brokers

All kinds of Sales conducted by auction.

Agents: Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

Agents: The Accident Insurance Company of North America.

MARSH & GEDDES have Business and Residence Town Lots at from Thirty-five Dollars and upwards, also Houses to Rent.

FARMS, Improved and Unimproved for Sale, also Horses and Cattle. Loans negotiated Improved Town Property at Low Rates. Correspondence solicited.

REFERENCES.—IMPERIAL BANK.

I. G. BAKER & CO., T. C. POWER & BRO., F. G. SMITH, BANKER, LOUGHHEAD & McCARTHY, SOLICITORS.

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MEDICAL.

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